HISTORY OF WORLD

(11.12.2020 and 2021-2023)

KUNTAL CHAKRABORTY

&

RUDRANIL MUKHARJEE

SECOND VOLUME

FOR SOME SPECIAL REASONS, THE BOOKS WRITTEN BY KUNTAL CHAKRABORTY UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF ARTISTIC BALLET

- PRITHIBIR BISMOY[01.01.2024-31.01.2024]
- PREMPATRA[31.03.2024-24.05.2024]
- ALIK DUDH[31.05.2024-31.12.2024]
- ABASTAB ICHCHE[10.02.2024-21.02.2024]
- KALPAVIGNA[30.05.2024-31.05.2024]
- KALPANAR JAGAT[30.05.2024-31.05.2024]
- SHESH MANASTHANA[31.12.2025-01.01.2026]

ARE WRITTEN BY HIM. THE BOOK "HISTORY OF THE WORLD (11.12.2020 AND 2021-2023)" IS INCLUDED, AND THIS IS THE ULTIMATE DECISION OF THE ARTISTIC BALLET

I, Sri Rudranil Mukherjee, hereby knowingly consent to the inclusion of my stories — specifically "Roham's Report card" & "The First look of her" — in the publication titled মুহিবীর হিস্টরি or History of the world, published by my elder brother (cousin). In the interest of the readers' convinience, as well as to safeguard my own position, I wish to state that this letter of acknowledgement shall be placed either at the beginning or at the end of the book.

Rudranil Mukherjee..

23/03/2026

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Prithibir Bismoy

01.01.2024

[Good morning I am the earth, I have participated in the solar system almost 500 years ago i.e. I am more than 500 years old. When I was born from that fire, I was on fire all over my body. After birth, I kept the account of my age and then it was not kept anymore.]

[A few hundred years passed like this. Then came a time when the origin of life started in my chest. First one koshi, then duokoshi, this is how many kosha people are created. When these people handled themselves in this multi-storied chest of mine, their journey of progress began]

Slowly they established new settlements, such as agriculture, irrigation, irrigation, pottery, hunting, worship etc. I also thought my sad days were over and happy days started. But who knew that my thinking was wrong. These people are very greedy, they want as much as they get, and I am in danger to meet their needs. People are extracting the various resources in me in different ways but they are not using it as they should. Again, it is more wasted than what it is used for. But these wretched people do not understand that when things are over they will be inconvenienced. For example, I say for example water, water makes a huge hole in my chest but that water is not completely useful, that is, the whole thing is wasted except for the water of the work, and I gave up the pollution, slowly it seems that I will not be in the field after a few days. There will only be tall buildings, big buildings and flats. And seeing the condition of the rivers and seeing the use of that water, I am surprised myself. The water in which household garbage, excrement and urine are mixed and that water is being used for various pious good deeds. How much more can I say about their torture? They are slowly becoming a burden on my body. As they improve day by day, they are increasing environmental pollution.

[If our world could talk today, that would have been the case]

Abastab Ichche

10.02.2024

Every speck of dust in Avinash Babu's house seems to have Sumitra's presence mixed in. Ten years ago, when Sumitra left on a rainy afternoon, Avinash Babu cut off all ties with the world. He was a physicist, but all his talent is now being spent on an impossible addiction—building a device that can reverse time.

His study room is no longer a study room, it's like a strange laboratory. There's a tangle of wires all around, the blue light of an oscilloscope, and pages of old diaries. Avinash Babu's hair has turned white, his eyesight is blurry, but his determination is unwavering. He wants to get back that afternoon—the afternoon when Sumitra was sitting on the veranda, drinking tea, and said, "Avinash, will you ever leave me?" Avinash had replied with a smile that day, "Who can separate us except death?" Those words have become his past.

Ten years later, on a stormy night, the machine finally started working. The air in the room began to shake, as if some invisible door in space had opened. Avinash Babu pulled the lever of the machine. Suddenly the walls around him disappeared. He saw that he was standing on that old veranda. It was raining heavily outside. Sumitra was sitting on a chair, wearing a blue sari just like before, with a cup of tea in her hand. Her hair was dripping with rain.

Avinash Babu's chest was bursting with tears. He ran and tried to hold Sumitra's hand. But his hand went through Sumitra's shoulder. Sumitra couldn't see him, couldn't hear him. He was just a reflection of that old moment. Avinash Babu shouted, "Sumitra! I'm here! I've come to save you!"

But Sumitra just looked at the rain outside the window and smiled softly. He started repeating the exact same words he had said ten years ago. Avinash Babu realized that he had not turned back time, he had only brought an old memory alive before his eyes like a projector. He went very close to Sumitra and tried to smell her body, but there was only emptiness and cold air.

Suddenly the machine shook with a loud noise. The rift in time began to close. Sumitra's figure was blurring. Avinash Babu shouted like a madman, "No! Don't go! I won't let you go this time!" He desperately tried to grab Sumitra's hand, but his fingers only touched air molecules. Sumitra turned her head once before disappearing, but there was no recognition for Avinash in her eyes. She disappeared only as a part of that old memory.

The machine went off. The room was dark again. The rain had stopped outside, but Avinash Babu's tears were not stopping. He fell to the floor. He realized that his unrealistic wish had brought him face to face with a terrible truth—when a person dies, he not only disappears from the world, but also gradually fades from people's memories. What he wanted to get back was not really a person, it was just a mirage.

When the neighbors entered the house in the morning, they saw Avinash Babu sitting on a chair, a strange peace in his eyes. That old picture of Sumitra was held in his hand. He was no more. Perhaps he had crossed the alley of that machine and reached a place where time was no longer a barrier, where Sumitra was really waiting for him. But the machine lying on the table was still trembling gently, as if carrying the sigh of some unfulfilled desire.

Artistic Ballets

Prempatra

31.03.2024

Detective Anirban sat in a dust-laden room within a dilapidated mansion in the old quarter of North Kolkata. Scattered across his table lay the papers left behind by a deceased poet. Although the poet's death had been of natural causes, his family insisted that he had hidden some secret treasure somewhere.

As he conducted his investigation, Anirban's gaze fell upon the antique mahogany desk the poet had used. From a secret compartment within the desk, a yellowed envelope emerged. There was no name on the envelope—only the inscription: "For the one who never waited."

Anirban opened the envelope. Inside lay a letter. The ink had faded with time, yet every stroke seemed imbued with a profound, aching sorrow. The writer of the letter was Labanya. She recounted how, in the name of social standing and family honor, she had been handed over to a complete stranger. And her lover—a visionary revolutionary—had been sent to the gallows on charges of treason.

The letter read: "Our love was never destined to find fulfillment, Anirban. For we were born in an era where ideals and lineage held greater weight than love itself. To this day, I wait for that rain—the very rain during which you promised you would return."

Anirban closed the files. He realized that the "treasure" he had been summoned to find was not, in fact, gold or jewels. This letter was the poet's sole wealth—a testament to an unfinished love.

Outside, rain was pouring down in ceaseless sheets. Anirban placed the letter back into its envelope and returned it to its original hiding place. He knew that some mysteries are best left unsolved; some secrets must be allowed to slumber forever, shrouded within the veil of their own tragedy.

The detective stepped out of the room. It felt to him as though, rather than apprehending a criminal today, he had merely reached out and touched the lingering sigh of a dead man. In the rhythmic patter of the rain, it seemed as though Labanya's unsent love letter was echoing all around him.

Kalpavigna

30.05.2024

The mystery of death of RJ Roy

It has been almost seven years since RJ Roy sir has not been with us. Sometimes I remember him very much, and with him I remember that mysterious event. The time was Poushmas, we were three students, me, Mr. T. Roy and Mr. Sen. There was a variety of bullet arrangements with many sophisticated tools. While observing them, a question arises in our minds about a strange flat group, why is it sometimes floating on the protecting fluid, sometimes disappearing and sometimes sinking, what is the name of this strange discovery? At that time, Professor RJ Roy was doing research in the bullet testing lab next to it, so when we asked him about it, he saw that he was busy, that too, I cut his obsession to satisfy his curiosity and asked him about it, after hearing everything, he said spy bullet. After satisfying my curiosity, I will go back to the exam hall, when there is a loud trembling sound, there will be a loud clap in my ears. We almost anticipated the matter and quickly opened the lab emergency and entered, by then the NAA members also came, when they took the investigation into their own hands, we returned to our room. When we were called for investigation the next day, we said everything we knew, then with their permission, we left there. About eighteen months have passed since then. One day while reminiscing about something, I remembered the terrible incident, and as soon as I remembered, I rushed to the record store room, went there and found the file after about eight hours of hard work. It is not known what exactly happened to him due to a mechanical fault, but it is assumed that he died mysteriously while inventing a new bullet.

Mythology

Nowadays the state of mind is not very good. Since when am I planning a technology that can reach the moon without a rocket. Only the machine will be needed for that, and making this machine is a problem. In fact, the cause of the problem is my robot marshman, no matter what I do. He objected to everything. Finally, after about 30 hours of hard work yesterday, the machine is ready today. But I don't know if it can go directly to the moon with it. Still a lot of work to be done. It is currently going from one place to another. At first I thought that I would not tell anyone, but he has no Joe. This morning my attendant sent a letter. Not handwritten, digital card, i.e. only to be taken out of the envelope. It says that an exhibition has been organized on August 6, in The Blanc Space (it should be said that the blank space is a floating stage in a vacuum, which is located in a vast space.) There can be a discovery of one's own. I didn't want to miss this tempting opportunity, so I decided to go. I left for the destination on time, on time. On reaching the destination, everything was almost settled beautifully, when a gentleman wanted to buy the machine at the end of the exhibition, he started behaving rude to me without agreeing to his proposal. Seeing the being harassed by the invited members in this way, the MS members threw him out of there. After this incident, I started getting threatening messages, I was attacked once or twice, after that I did not take legal action and protection, after that I came to know from reliable sources that the person's name is J.Dhankar, the famous rich man of this city, he is so proud of this money. He cannot bear the rejection from anyone. Anyway, finally success was achieved, I patented the research yesterday. Today I have a seminar, I was out of the house, increasing my attendant and marshman. When the seminar was almost over, one of them died and reported that all things were burnt in my house in a mysterious fire, and three dead bodies were recovered from the rubble. As soon as he heard this, a man identified himself as a man of the intelligence department and took me to identify the body. There are three half-burnt animal bodies in plastic, the first one can be said that it is Marsman, but it is almost impossible to identify the second, but I was able to identify my attendant with great difficulty. Seeing, and I realized this was the gentleman with whom I had a very nasty meeting at the last time at the exhibition. After seeing this scene and the ruins, it was all clear to me that the gentleman came to my house with consent to convert my rejection, there for some reason he took out his gun and the security system of the lab was turned on, and the security gas burst out loudly, and his As a result, the fire, and the fire, three lives and my inventions.

Alik Dudh

31.05.2024

Strange things start happening to Anirban after he moves into his new flat. The flat is quite old, but much cheaper than the rent. On the first night, he notices that whenever he looks in the large mirror in his bedroom, it seems like his reflection is moving a second later than him. When he raises his hand, the reflection in the mirror seems to raise it in a very subtle moment. He ignores it, thinking it is a mistake of his eyes.

On the third night, Anirban is in a deep sleep. Suddenly, he is awakened by a rustling sound coming from the corner of the room. He opens his eyes and sees that the lamp in the room is not on, but a soft blue light is coming out of the mirror. He sees that he is standing inside the mirror, but he is not wearing the clothes he slept in. The 'Anirban' inside the mirror is standing still, but his eyes are unusually large and there is no gem in them.

Anirban freezes in fear. He saw that the entity inside the mirror slowly placed its hand on the glass of the mirror. The glass seemed to become liquid, and that entity stepped on the floor of Anirban's room. Anirban wanted to scream, but no sound came out of his throat. He saw that the entity came and stood next to his bed and whispered, "I have been watching you for a long time, but from today you will be inside the mirror."

The next morning, Anirban's friend came to look for him and found that the room was locked from the inside. Breaking the door and entering, he saw that Anirban was not there. But Anirban could be seen in front of the large mirror in the room. He was trapped inside the mirror, moaning but no sound could be heard. And the Anirban who was walking around the room looked at the mirror and smiled crookedly.

Even today, that flat remains empty. Sometimes neighbors hear someone from a closed room knocking on the mirror and whispering, "I'm real, I'm real." But when you stand in front of the mirror, you only see your own reflection, which may be moving a second late.

Kalpanar Jagat

31.05.2024

This is taken from the history of S.B.I.H.A.

This morning, the sleep was broken by the sound of solar clocks at the right time. I opened my eyes and saw that the safe came and had coffee. I got up and freshened up. There is a new research going on in the lab these days. Today is my birthday, so AI wished me a happy birthday as soon as the lab gate went up. After that, there is no way to understand when the time was spent doing the research work. The topic of research is that it is a matter of seeing what will happen if the body of an animal is given equal energy equal to eight people. After finishing the lab work on time, I went home and was wearing the book of Da. Pressure Crown, the wireless rang - "Alpha One Six Hearing", I quickly turned on the jammer and said - I said! tell me There was news from the other side that there was a loud noise coming from my lab. I rushed to the lab, my lab was only five minutes away from my room, so it was not too late to arrive. I went and saw the professor in the lab next to me standing in front of my lab in fear, as soon as he saw me, he said in a panic and said Mr. X quickly opened the door and see what happened inside. As soon as I gave the hyper ID, the door went up, I was shocked to see the condition inside the door open, holding an opinion inside the jar of a processing machine and conducting that eighthmanab research on it, the speed of the fly of that moth is excessive, from this I was sure, my pursuit. successful The next day I submitted all my research papers to Parliament. Of course, some people did not have any peace, because they are jealous of me. Then I went to the court because today is the last and main exam of my becoming a judge. When I was returning from the exam on time, I fainted when someone suddenly attacked from behind. When I regained consciousness, I was inside the electric cell. After many screams, a policeman said that I had misbehaved with others with alkholic drugs. The next day as usual, the matter came to the court, Justice KS Sen was in charge of my trial. Finally, I was acquitted by the hidden camera of the lobby and gave me this false slander, they were suspended. When my exam results came out, I saw that I was second, that is, now my salary has increased to eight lakh rupees. The next day I sat in the Chief Justice's seat in the first court, and the next day, a strange incident happened, a group of students in the senior rank were making junior rank students, when they presented this matter with evidence in the court, I canceled their gun clearance and dismissed them from their institute. In view of this incident, my name went to number three of Wonders-of-Justice. After that, two whole years passed, I am now a retired judge, this time I again joined my work i.e. research work, this time the research topic is the preparation of the medicine for the rapid growth of the tree and again in the natural way. When I am planning this, Major JH. Rao next door said, "What, Professor X is planning this time?" As soon as I told my plan, he enthusiastically said that it would improve our environment a little. After about two months of tireless work, when I prepared the medicine, Major Rao was dead. After that, when I was giving the demonstration of the medicine, I suddenly noticed that the medicine seemed to be more parla. After inquiring and investigating, I learned that the medicine had been changed and all my research work was stolen. Finally, I was sitting back at home in a sad mood, when I remembered that I had copied all the documents of the research work. After about four and a half hours of searching, I was convinced to get my valuable property. Then suddenly one day I thought, a conflict arose about our bullets, that the bullets seem to be not working properly, so I, Professor Roy and Professor Sen. After three years of research, our head professor of this research, Rajesh Roy or R. J. Roy died mysteriously. Within a year of this incident, the research was announced and the method of

making the bullet was changed and the method of making guns was also changed. About four months later, a serious civil war was tied, everyone started training to stop this unwanted civil war, and almost everyone started to be martyred one by one, so now it's time to escape, but in the sand of Segu, I have to go to the war, gradually all the soldiers of the bunker are dying one by one, finally, finally. Sunil and I are alive, suddenly a bullet came and entered the body through my skin. The sleep suddenly broke, I sat up on the bed and started breathing heavily, then suddenly I remembered that I was sleeping unharmed in my room and dreaming.

Artistic Ballets

Shesh Manasthana

31.12.2025

The word “destination” means last limit/stage/state. For example, when we take food, the destination is the toilet. Similarly, everything bound in this large boundless sphere has a destination. For example- a) human life b) student life c) career etc. In this unknown limit, humans and every animal wants to complete their work in time, but its rate is zero zero decimal one percent in one hundred people. All animals, especially humans, from their knowledge i.e. when he gains consciousness on his brain or from a small place in this big world, he knows or hears all about the world, he determines his life's goal or destination. The purpose of this goal is the path of illusion, so when he focuses on his goal, he appears as the seer of various dreams.

Human Life:-

Human life in this diverse world is gradually expanding the tangle of endless actions of modern life and their daily life from the time of his arrival. He has done it only through his retirement or death. If humans are the only creatures in this great world who do good deeds/great deeds or bad deeds using their own knowledge, because their intelligence is so high that they are planning to immortalize in the near future. Humans are smarter than all the animals in this world and an educated foolish nation who receives education but does not use or can use it. such as the care of the environment and protecting the environment. Man begins his uncertain finite journey from the very time of his birth when he can experience this diverse world through his short consciousness, and his varied and thrilling journey is the ultimate destination of death.

Student Life:-

A man performs the most difficult and inaccessible penance of his life while in his short knowledge. The only reason for this is the desire to know the whole world from a corner of the vast world. The students spend almost twenty-four years of their lives from their conscious state to reach their final destination and make a lot of sacrifices in their lives in the urge to reach that goal, but in return he finds his dream as a sweet fruit in his hands. About one thousand seven hundred and seventy seven years ago, the tyrant British liberated our mother India, from their dramatic and unspeakable and unspeakable tyranny of almost two hundred years. But before them, that is, the situation in this country was slightly different till the time of the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb. The students were waiting for the school to be a holiday and they would go to play. But that mentality can no longer be observed in the current students. Nowadays the education system is so difficult and complex that it has taken away all the youth from the children.

Career:-

Karma is the religion of human life,

life is useless without action,

human birth without life.

I was born in this world when

I have to do work,

but the one who says it for that work, he is dead,

today he should not remember death,

the world will be the whole life,

may everyone be loved.

So we understand from this that we have to work as long as we live.

Rohan’s Report card

15.03.2023

Hey, all of you are thinking about your business, sevice, education, aims etc. But, don't you all think between these all something unique should be done. Yeah, me the ass. of the book's author sri Kuntal Chakraborty, is going to present a beautiful story in front of you, which will make you more energetic in the race.

Once Rohan was dissatisfied with his poor marks as he got 70% below in each subject. He came home from the school with the report card and threw off the bag, dike anyways and was just about to tear the report card, his father came and said“stop”, what's the hell Rohan? Have you forgotten the manners? Is the way to behave? Rohan got much more pain in his heart, when he saw his father, he thought that “his father was doing so much of work each day in a private company, he only wanted good marks from him.” He ran and hugged his father tightly and said “papa this year I also failed to take above 80% in each subject.” Rohan's father understood him and realised that he wanted some motivation to stand up again and asked him to change himself and took him in a round of the city.

“Rohan, what do you want to be in life?” his father asked him. No papa, I loosed all the hope inside me, I don't wama be anything, Rohan said. “Rohan” his father shouted, “what are you saying, are you getting mad?”, you have to become something in life! otherwise our family will break down.

Rohan thought about his future and also his father's hard work. The tears in his father's eyes inspired him. He thought that he had to be something and with full dedication and determination he worked hard. And the next periodic test he ranked in the top 10th in the class with 89.7%. Rohan came with the report card to his father and hugged him tightly and shown the report card to his father. All the members of the family, were shocked and the tears of happiness came out from every one's eyes. “Papa I could do it”, shouted Rohan. His father also hugged him and blessed him. Rohan again started the preparation for his next periodic test with all the hopes and full confidence.

Hope all of you like it actually, the main part of the dialogue is clearly, you have to work hard, looking at your parents selfless service towards you. They only want good feedback from you, nothing else.

The First look of her

15.03.2023

Hey, I think all of you are in the pink of you. You know, this story is for today's youth are very much interested in this type of stories. Is not it? Hahaha….ok fine, today an inspirational tells along along with same romance will be presented before you.

The boy was new in the school. He was an up of average student. But he had a good talent in science and mathematics. He could sing well. All of the students in the class liked him.

One day he was passing through the corridor, saw a girl with a bright skin, fabulous smile, shiny hairs and glorious eyes was passing with her friends. The girl stuck in his mind and the boy got fall in love with her. He came to know that her name was "Ishita Verma" of his class only. He was not very smart but was very good-looking. He joined gym for making attentive body, solders etc. one day with all his, might the boy proposed her. The girl was good in academics than the boy, then, with a smile Ishita said, "Accha, fine. But I have two me conditions, then I will accept." "What, what do you meant by two more?", we haven't met before nor any condition you gave me. "Dear, it's Ishita, I knew everything from the first." "Really" said the boy. "Hmm", ok, tell those conditions. "You have to increase your percentage than me and also your English vocabulary", then Ishita yours.

He accepts all of her conditions and working with full concentration in academics and scored above 95% in exams. The school closed nearly for one month. The boy had forgotten to take phone number of the girl. Thus, he missed her a lot. When the school re-opened, he couldn't find the girl, a girl, who was the friend of Ishita, handed him a letter of Ishita, in which it was written that, "***My has got transferred to Jammu and Kashmir. I will miss you a lot. I know it will be very much painful for you. Remember those conditions and walk ahead in your life. I have full faith in God, I know he will let us again and we will settle happily. Hope you will don't forget me. Ishita still loves you and she will.***

Love you."

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